

# A TOUCH OF HOLLAND

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(From the Portal.)  
"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

One of the chief charms of the Cache valley landscape is its numerous, ragged little villages, scattered here and there, like so many corners of Europe and have little about them to remind one of the agricultural communities in the middle west and New England, made up of isolated farms and pervaded with an air of cold, Puritanical reserve. A genuine bit of Switzerland is the town of Providence, backed up against the mountains, with its wooden houses, a rich, reddish brown by the weather and with its inhabitants yodeling in the fields or conversing in the unmusical gutters of Berne or Basel. Some of the villages have a Scandinavian imprint, while others have the thrift, neatness and quiet dignity of small country places in Wales or England. The very names of Mendon, Peterboro and Paradise conjure up immediately pleasant memories of English lawns and hedge rows. In fact, the general aspect of the whole broad valley with its omnipresent beet fields and numerous canals is suggestive of the plains of northern Germany, Holland or Belgium.

But this European touch is only skin deep. We often wish the resemblance might go further. In the matter of civic conditions especially we have still much to learn from the older nations. Contrast for example the canals of Holland with those of the Cache valley. Though serving widely different purposes they are of as much vital importance to the Cache valley dwellers as the Dutch canals. Both see in them an inestimable commercial value, but the latter has the old-world, un-American idea that beauty should be intimately associated with practical objects and hence has made his canals one of the distinctive beauties of his country. A walk through any Dutch town or along any country road in Holland can give one manifold lessons as to the possibilities of canals. Amsterdam, The Hague, and Rotterdam, show how these waterways can impart a lasting, all pervasive charm to a city, for in those fortunate, well ordered municipalities the canals receive as much care and attention as the streets or parks. Their banks are made permanent by blocks of granite or sandstone which, beside making excellent wharves at any point, contribute much to the trim appearance of the city. Along the canals is always a line of trees, usually beeches or English elms, some of them of great age, while from the gardens that border on the canals, ivy and nasturtiums fling masses of somber green and brilliant flame over the retaining walls, and beds of low forget-me-nots and rows of tall hollyhocks reflect in the water blotches of color so rich that one could almost believe oneself in a southern country. Pleasant are the pipe dreams of the Dutchmen who sit under the trees, on the benches which a fatherly municipality has had placed everywhere in recognition of the phlegmatic temperament of its sons. Along the Logan highways and waterways there are as yet no such benches to invite its citizens to wholesome rest and meditation. Where the Dutch canals have to be crossed the city fathers have had bridges of stone built; solid, dignified

structures of masonry that have been there since the Duke of Alva, and will be still in service when our makeshift crossings of wood shall have been rebuilt again and again.

In the country even more than in the city does the traveler realize the practical beauty of Holland's canals. There is no journey in the kingdom which he cannot take by water as well as by rail, if he has the time, and as his canal boat glides along the tranquil waterways in the midst of herds of grazing Holsteins or winds through the quaint villages his admiration is always first and foremost for the beauty and neatness of the canals themselves with their fringing lines of noble trees. In a forestless country, where every inch of space counts, as in Holland, the tree planted canal borders have an economic as well as aesthetic value.

Many a Utah traveler in the Netherlands has wished he had it in his power to transfer these leafy guardians of the Dutch canals to the borders of the canals that cross the treeless plains of his native state. He would gladly imitate the Dutch tree planting on his return, did he not feel that the loss of water through absorption by the trees would exceed that due to evaporation by the sun. This is an important detail in an irrigated country, but has, however, never been scientifically proved to be a fact, and the would-be tree planter has many arguments on his side. He knows that foresters maintain that tree planting increases the rainfall of a country, that the timber thus thus grown is of value, and above all his pride in his state tells him that there is no simpler or surer way of increasing the loveliness of her valleys than by planting trees along the banks of her canals, especially poplars, the stiff grace and dense green foliage of which are a notably harmonious element in Utah scenery.

This is adornment on a large scale and out of the reach of man, but the improvement of the town canals should be dear to the heart of every citizen. Every woman can at least plant ivy and flowers along that portion of the canal that traverses her halliwick, if it is not within her power to go further and see that its banks be made otherwise beautiful with masonry, sod or ferns and vines. A canal passing through property should be regarded as a feature of landscape gardening with almost endless possibilities, and hence a real estate asset of no mean value. All may not possess houselots capable of such improvement, but all have a town pride which should make them use their influence in having the canals in public places kept in order, in seeing that there be no more caving banks, no more mud and weeds, no more treeless, benchless paths along the ditches, and above all, no more plank crossings, but bridges of iron, stone or concrete, simple structures of artistic design that will be an ornament to the town and a joy to the beauty loving generations that are to come.

Charles Dickens remarks in his "American Notes" that where a European would say "all right" an American would say "go ahead," and finds the two remarks indicative of the difference in temperament to be found on

both sides of the Atlantic. The high water mark of perfection in civic conditions that allows her European to use the former ejaculation has certainly not yet been reached in all our towns, and the American spirit urges us still to go ahead in the bettering and beautifying of our canals, roads and bridges until we may look upon our work and see that it is good.

Were we to return to the naive mythology of our Teuton and Latin ancestors we would see in our mountain streams and canals a manifestation of divine power, and would invent a deity to guard them. Were we living in the middle ages we would daily implore some aqueous and business-like saint to watch over the workings of our irrigating ditches. Blit as we are self-sufficient Christians of the twentieth century, nurtured on the realism of Thomas Hardy and the home truths of Bernard Shaw, we have taken under our own personal supervision many of the affairs of life which were once under the special direction of goddesses and saints. However, we have still some vestige of idealism, and this remnant of idealizing power, joined with a love of beauty and a sense of the divinity which resides in natural objects, should make us almost paganly worship our waterways as the source of all life in a "land of little rain" and should inspire us with a keen desire to prepare fitting shrines for their beauty.

## THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEVEN KINGS

Continued from Page 6.

she feared no man in London, but I do believe she had a wholesome dread of Anna Beringer.

"Well, my watch began, and for the first hour or so nothing occurred, but as soon as it was dark I saw the old caretaker, who showed you over the house on the first occasion, come out by the area door. I immediately followed her. She went straight to a shop in the Marylebone High street—a small grocer's. She remained there for nearly half an hour. When she came out she was carrying a bag, quite a small one, which apparently contained some provisions. I followed her again, watching her closely as I did so. Something about her walk first attracted my attention. The man on duty passed us as we went down Welbeck street. I quickened my steps, and was in reality only two or three feet behind the woman whom I now suspected to be Mme. Koluchy herself.

"Just when we reached the open gate of the area, and as I was about to lay my hand on her shoulder, she turned quick as lightning upon me and dashed into my face a liquid which must have been a solution of the strongest ammonia. The effect was instantaneous. I fell back gasping for breath and unable to utter a sound. She well knew what the effect of ammonia would be, causing a sudden paralysis of the glottis, which would prevent my uttering a word for a couple of moments. Before I could recover, she had flung her arm around me, had dragged me down the area steps and into the house. The moment

she got me within she slipped a pair of handcuffs on my wrists, and also gagged me. I was so paralyzed by the effect of the ammonia that I did not attempt to make the slightest struggle until too late. When she had gagged and bound me she dragged me down a passage and into this laboratory where we are now standing. She then laid me on the floor and tied me down securely. When she had done this, she looked down at me and smiled a smile of devilish cruelty.

"Yes, Miss Beringer," she said, "you are a smart woman, the smartest with one exception in all London. You are interested in me—I am about to gratify your interest."

"She left me for a few moments, and presently returned, dragging something heavy after her. Horror of horrors, it was a woman's dead body! I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses. She laid the body on the floor, and began to dress it in some of her clothes. Having done this, and having arranged it in the attitude of one who might have suddenly fallen and died, she came up to me again. "Two years ago," she said, speaking slowly, and bending her face to within about a foot of mine, "there lived a woman in Naples who was in every respect my double. She was like me in each feature, in height, proportion, even to the expression of her face. She was a peasant woman, but so strong was her resemblance to me, that twice the Neapolitan police arrested her, believing her to be me. They, of course, discovered their mistake, and she quickly recovered her liberty. The woman died, and though to all appearance she was buried, it was but a mock funeral. For I had been watching her, and I felt that in extremis she would be of the utmost use to me. I offered the woman's husband a large sum for

her body. It was conveyed to my house in Naples, no matter how. The husband received his money, but in order that no tales might arise he was quickly afterward put out of the way by one of my confederates. I kept the body at a very low temperature, and when I came to England in my own yacht, brought it with me. Since then it has remained in a frozen chamber beneath the floor of the inner laboratory, thus retaining its likeness as under such circumstances it would perpetually.

"The time has come when I must use my double in order to effect my own escape. The most vindictive tribunal in the world will pause at the edge of the grave. My enemies will suppose that I am dead, and I shall escape from their power, for the likeness to me is so perfect that detection cannot be made until autopsy. By then I shall be well out of the country, for the men who are on watch for me will have withdrawn the moment the news of my suicide is known. I mean to put a hypodermic syringe and a bottle of strong poison near the body of the woman. Thus all will be complete. This is my last trump card.

"And now, Miss Beringer," she added, with a strange laugh, which I hear even now echoing in my ears, "for your part in this ghastly game. In order to insure your silence I mean to consign you to the frozen chamber from which I have just taken this woman. Gagged and bound in that place your tortures will not last long, for death will soon release you from them. But know that you can never again mingle with your fellow-men. Know also that you made a mistake when you pitted your strength against mine, for mine is the stronger. Come!"

"She raised me as if I were an infant, and lifted me into the inner room.

I noticed that one of the flagstones was up—the gag prevented my speaking, things which bound me prevented my struggling. Madame thrust me into the frozen chamber and sealed the stone above me. There I have remained for the last fifteen hours. What I have endured is beyond description. At last I fancied I heard footsteps overhead. I made one frantic struggle, and managed to remove the gag from my lips. The moment I did so I shouted wildly. Thank God, you heard me in time."

Miss Beringer's words fell on our ears like the strokes of a hammer. We

were too stunned in reply. Madame had been in our very grasp, under our hands, and once more she had eluded us.

## BEARDING THE LION.

(Puck.)

Angry Subscriber (rushing into office)—I want yew tye atop sendin' me yer darn old rag as quick as ever yew kin. My subscription's got six months an' two weeks yet ter run, so send yer scurrilous sheet ter some loonyie asylum fer the time!

Country Editor (sweetly)—Yes, sir—an eye you could recommend?

## Announcement

My Wholesale Grocery Business having gained such proportions as to demand my undivided attention, I have withdrawn from active participation in the Retail Line.

The Retail Grocery Store at 267-269 South Main Street has been incorporated by a firm of local business men, including myself, and on and after March 4 will be known as the

## United Grocery Company

This new company will be under the management of J. N. Smith, the same as, has been my store for the past three years.

The policy of the new company is to conduct a first-class business, supplying its patrons with the best the market affords, and giving prompt and efficient service. To this end many improvements will be installed.

I thank my former patrons for their trade and solicit a continuance of their patronage for the New Company.

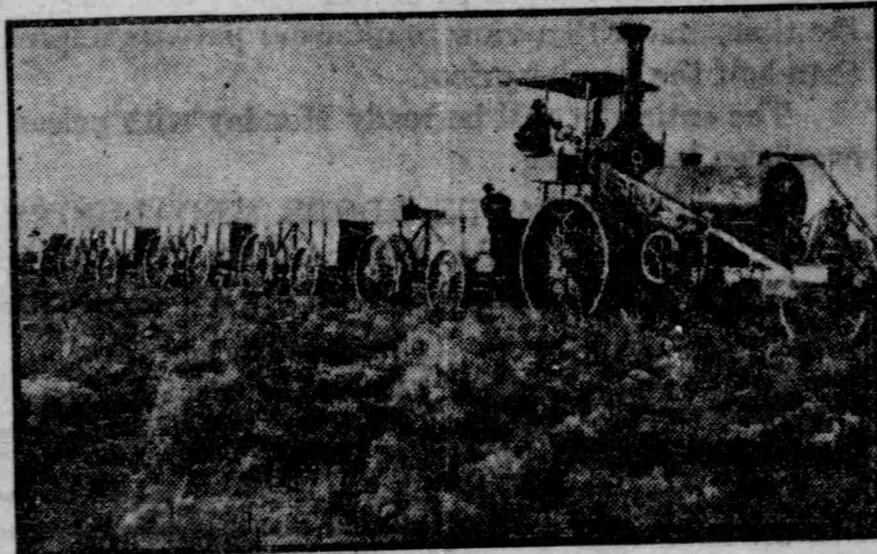
W. S. HENDERSON



Ask Your Grocer for the Bread Made in a Clean Bakery.

The Above Label on Every Loaf

## The Best Manufacturing Co.



The cut above represents the Dubois Transportation Company's train. This train is now being operated between Dubois and Gilmore, Idaho, a distance of 85 miles, and has a hauling capacity of 50 tons. The train is making two trips a week and travels 340 miles in that time over a desert road. For information, write Best Manufacturing Co., San Leandro, Cal., or J. H. Davis, 201, Herald Bldg., Salt Lake City.

## Give the Creditor A Chance

(Salt Lake Herald Editorial March 3, 1907.)

A good deal of the time of the legislature this session has been spent in consideration of measures to abate the practices of the notorious justice's court at Murray which has been used as an annex of a collection agency in this city. Some rational suggestions have been made as to the remedies available, and a good deal of fool nonsense has been put out in behalf of the so-called sufferers at the hands of the court collectors.

No sympathy need be wasted on the justices who have been mixed up in the grievances complained of; they may or may not have followed a legal course; they are not as much above suspicion as a Caesar's wife, and if they have been violating the law they ought to be reached either by legislation or by court proceedings.

It ought not to be forgotten, however, that most of the complaints have come from people who were trying to defraud their creditors—a class of dead-beats who are entitled neither to sympathy or maudlin consideration at the hands of legislators. No man who pays his debts promptly has been heard yowling about the injustices of the Murray courts; numerous cases have gone to the district courts from Murray with a uniform record of affirmation for the Murray judgments. Nearly every prominent merchant in Salt Lake will agree that such accounts as have gone to Luke have been desperate accounts, commonly known as dead ducks, the kind of accounts that creditors usually regard as hopeless. While the cases of injustice have been hailed far and wide by the suffering debtor, the thousands of cases where the professional dead-beat has been compelled to settle for what he owed have not been commented upon at all.

While the legislature is spending so much time finding ways and means for the protection of the man who does not and will not pay his bills, it might well spend some time safeguarding the firms and companies that have to bear the losses incident to dishonest debtors. Altogether too much attention has been paid to the woes of the "innocent" debtor. He never pays his share of public taxes or private indebtedness; he dodges and shirks his duty as a citizen and as an individual; he is a burden on honest men because all credit business has to pay the losses due to his dishonesty. He is entitled to just so much protection as will make him pay what he owes—and no more.

## Growth Of Our Collections

1897	.....	\$ 1,885 57
1898	.....	26,561 66
1899	.....	33,819 24
1900	.....	40,424 08
1901	.....	43,314 92
1902	.....	52,591 00
1903	.....	64,385 44
1904	.....	71,790 08
1905	.....	87,654 98
1906	.....	141,430 43

January, 1907, increase over February, 1906, 3,247 72

February, 1907, increase over February, 1906 2,042 40

We Will Collect About \$200,000 This Year

We will collect some for you if you turn in your claims

## Some of the Clients We Have Collected Good Money For

Client No. 7,324, who does not want name published, claim nine years old	\$2,500 00	The Wilson Lumber Co., Tremonton	301 00
John Roberts, Cheyenne, Wyo. claim fourteen years old	800 00	Robert J. McMahon, Shoshone, Ida.	400 00
Augusta L. Scott, Spokane, Wash., claim sixteen years old	600 00	D. W. Gundersen, Shoshone, Ida.	327 00
Robert Brogleman, formerly Park City, Utah, now Greenwater, Cal.	550 00	Mrs. A. G. Hamburg, Los Angeles, Cal.	200 00
People's Co-op., Lehi, Utah	413 20	Mrs. H. A. Moss, Denver, Colo.	300 00
A. Hatch & Co., Heber City, Utah	476 06	Dr. H. A. Castle, Pocatello, Ida.	345 00
Siegel Clothing Co., Salt Lake City, Utah	215 00	A. Swensen & Co., Mercur, Utah	485 00
Dr. W. E. Ferrebee, Murray, Utah	383 00	Davis Co. Nurseries, Roy, Utah	1,386 00
Dr. E. O. Jones, Murray, Utah	100 00	Dr. Jeremiah Beattie, Salt Lake City	6,000 00
		Ashley Co-op., Vernal, Utah	763 24

And Thousands of Others

Every dollar collected represented money which was honestly owing, due many months--and often many years ago. The very best Banks, Mercantile Institutions, Merchants, Citizens, Dentists, Doctors, Professional Men and Women received this money after placing their claims with us for collection. Not one dollar of it was paid by any one who did not owe it. Many paid willingly and cheerfully--others are growling about it yet--but generally bright red streaks of honesty exist in everybody. ¶The continued growth of our business requires that we have help. We have a good position to offer to the right business man who wants to invest from three to five thousand dollars, and learn to manage a department of our business. The collection of money due is a science. We have had fourteen years' experience; that many others have failed emphasizes most plainly that it's the "knowing how" that counts. We cannot afford to teach you, even though you would be a valuable employe, unless you are interested in the business. If you or your son wants a fine salaried position with guaranteed interest on the investment, this is a chance which will be open but a short time. ¶We collect more money from hopeless accounts, notes and judgments than any other collection agency in the world. We advertise in every state in the Union, also Mexico and Canada. WRITE OR SEE US AND WE WILL BOTH MAKE MONEY

# MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

Fifth Floor Commercial National Bank Bldg.,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

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Francis G. Luke, General Manager.  
"Some People Don't Like Us."